

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 983.

MARSHAL TURRENE.

The celebrated Viscount Turrene, in his earlier youth, was a man of pleasure in the innocent sense of that word; it was his constant maxim, that man was formed for two purposes, to be virtuous and to be happy. He did not confine the latter term within the limits of any philosophical theory—he understood happiness as to the word, and not as philosophers understood it. Being of a gay disposition he gave it free vent; and the levities of his youth were as much the subject of conversation as the heroism of his maturer years has become the theme of history.

He used to relate with much pleasure a kind of adventure which had occurred to him upon his first introduction into the great world—the court of Louis XIV. We here translate it freely as it is given in a French work of literary reputation, which has just appeared in Paris, and attracted much attention.

The Father of Turrene was persuaded that his son would make his fortune at Paris, but with that kind of blindness not uncommon to parents, he expected this desired event by means very little suited to the character and mind of the young Chevalier. Will it be credited that Turrene was sent to the court of Louis XIV. for the purpose of making his fortune by entering into the Sorbonne?

Accordingly with ten louis d'ors in his pocket, the young Turrene was conducted by his father to the town nearest his paternal chateau, whence the good old gentleman saw his son safely into a provincial stage, and with many blessings left him on his road to Paris.

Turrene, when a few miles on his road, got into conversation with a fellow passenger; and there being in the vehicle, but this gentleman and himself, they soon became as much acquainted as if they had passed their whole lives together. Turrene himself was always noted for his candour and pleasantry, and the young Chevalier, his fellow passenger, seemed much of the same character. There were no hints, therefore to their mutual confidence. Turrene entered into a narrative of his expectations, and his companion, equally communicative informed Turrene of all the circumstances of his situation.

Turrene learned by this detail that the name of his companion was the Chevalier Dupaty; that he was the son of an old citizen of Blois, and was going to Paris on a visit to a merchant, the old friend of his father, with the purpose of marrying the old gentleman's daughter. Old Monsieur Dupaty and the Parisian merchant had, it seems, been educated together, and though so separated by the events of their future life, that they had scarcely seen each other for twenty years, they had mutually retained that affectionate remembrance not uncommon in like situations. The old merchant, whose name is given as Monsieur St. George, had therefore sent an invitation to Monsieur Dupaty to endeavour to unite their families, expressing in the same letter what he would give with his daughter, and what he should expect the young Dupaty would bring with him. The latter end-

ed; that if old Dupaty agreed to the proposal the young Chevalier should be sent with a bag of five hundred crowns, and the nuptials be forthwith concluded.

"Have you never seen your intended, Chevalier?" said Turrene.

"Never;" replied the young Dupaty.

"Nor the old gentleman?" rejoined Turrene.

"Never my friend;" re'added the Chevalier.

"It will be a singular union then," said Turrene; "but perhaps those things are not so much the worse for being done blind-folded; fortune may choose, perhaps as well as our selves."

In this conversation between the young friends passed the whole interval of the journey till their arrival at Paris. It was then agreed between the two companions that they should stop at the same Inn. But scarcely had they reached this Inn, and were left alone in the chamber, when a very unexpected incident occurred. The young Dupaty was seized with a violent complaint in his breast. Whether arising from the journey, or from any other cause, the disease was so violent and instantaneous in its effect, that Turrene had scarcely time to call for help before his companion had expired.

There is a help for every thing but death—Turrene retired to his bed, and revolved the incidents of the day, and his journey. Turrene was at an age when the spirit of mischief is supposed to predominate. Turrene rose in the morning, and going to the trunk of the deceased Chevalier, the keys of which Dupaty had given him previous to his unhappy catastrophe, he examined the contents; and taking the letters and the bag containing five hundred crowns, sallies forth for the house of Monsieur St. George, having given previous orders for the burial of his friend. It may be here necessary to mention that, by the regulations of Paris, every one was required to be buried within twelve hours after his decease.

On coming to the house of Monsieur St. George, Turrene ordered the porter to announce his arrival to his master.

"Who am I to announce, Sir," said the porter.

"The Chevalier Dupaty."

The porter had not lived in the family for nothing; he knew the family secrets as well as Monsieur St. George himself. He eagerly, therefore, hastened to announce what he knew to be most agreeable intelligence.

In the meantime Turrene, left by himself in a large parlour, had leisure to look around him; he found himself in one of those houses, or rather palaces which belong to the higher order of merchants. Every thing bespoke the wealth of its owner. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the old gentleman, who approaching in haste, precipitated himself into the arms of Turrene. Turrene returned his embraces with equal warmth. The old gentleman was enraptured at the figure of his intended son in law. He overwhelmed him with family questions, to all of which the candid

communication of his deceased friend had enabled Turrene to return most satisfactory answers. He delivered his letters. The old gentleman read them.

"You have brought then," said he, "the five hundred crowns which your father has mentioned in his letter?"

Turrene replied to his interrogatory by putting the bag into the hands of the old gentleman.

"Good, my young friend," replied the worthy Monsieur St. George. "Your father, I perceive, is as much a man of business as myself. You will soon learn that my fortune, and what I shall give my daughter, did not require the addition of five hundred crowns, but I was willing that your father should have some share in the happiness of setting you a going. I am a plain man, young gentleman, your father has done his part, and I shall now do mine."

With these words he rang a bell: and upon the entrance of a servant, commanded him to summon a priest by a certain hour in the same evening. "In the mean time you shall go and see my wife and daughter. It is fit that a young man should become acquainted with his wife."

Turrene was accordingly conducted to the drawing-room, and introduced to a matronly woman, and a young girl of great beauty, the wife and daughter of the worthy merchant; who after the ceremony of introduction, left the young Chevalier to recommend himself.

In this Turrene so effectually succeeded, that by the hour of dinner, the ladies had become more than commonly satisfied with their new acquaintance. The good matron looked with pride upon the elegant figure and manly accomplishments of her intended son, and the young lady blushed with more meaning, but with equal satisfaction.

Turrene equally recommended himself during the dinner and desert. The merchant almost crossed himself with surprise, how his old friend the citizen of Blois, who was a proverb of niggardly economy, could have given his son so brilliant an education.

It was now becoming late; the priest was expected. Turrene, upon a sudden, rose; assumed a look of solemnity, and beckoned the merchant to follow him. The merchant, in some surprise obeyed.

Turrene descended the stairs, and entered the street. The merchant enquired whither he was going? Turrene waved his hand. The merchant more astonished, continued to follow him.

It was the month of December, and therefore, though the hour was eight in the evening it was foggy and dark as midnight. Turrene, holding the merchant by the arm, insensibly led him into the cloisters of the Monastery of the Benedictines, when suddenly stopping, "My friend, (said he) it is enough, I have discharged that for which it was permitted me to be absent, and must now return. Behold in me the spirit of the young Chevalier Dupaty. I arrived in Paris at the Hotel de Pont Neuf, at six o'clock yesterday evening, and died of the cholera about half an hour after my arrival. I need not tell you that my father had entrusted

to my care a bag of five hundred crowns. My senses survived my speech and made me anxious that as the match could not be concluded from the circumstance of my death, the money might return safe into the hands of my father. I must not declare further the secrets of the grave—suffice it that the last wish of my life was the first of my death—permission was granted me—The thing is done and the money safe.—I must now return to be buried.—This very hour is the time appointed for me to enter the grave.—Farewell."

With these words, whilst the merchant was fixed in motionless astonishment, Turrene disappeared, availing himself of the darkness of the night, and an obscure turn in the cloisters.

After some minutes of mute surprise, the merchant, rubbing his eyes, looked about him—Turrene, as has been said, had disappeared.—The merchant called—no one answered. In a word, the merchant became horror-struck, and recovered himself only to hurry home and relate the terrible adventure to his wife & daughter.

Terror has quick steps; he soon regained his own door and knocked for entrance with unusual violence.

Before the door was opened, a cart with two trunks came up to it. The merchant demanded from whence it came?

"From the Hotel de Pont Matre," replied the carter.

"From whom there?" demanded the merchant eagerly.

"They are the trunks of the young Chevalier Dupaty," replied the carter.

"And where is the young Chevalier Dupaty?" rejoined the merchant.

"In his grave by this time," replied the carter. "The bell of Notre Dieu was announcing the funeral as I left the inn."

What, the Chevalier is really dead then," said the merchant, his hair erecting itself with increased horror.

"Yes," replied the carter, "dead as Adam. He arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, and died within half an hour afterwards."

The merchant's door now opened; he stayed not to ask another question but rushed up to relate to his wife the circumstances of the apparition.

The story got about Paris, and as Turrene was silent, it was almost generally believed that the young Chevalier Dupaty had appeared to the merchant, St. George, as here related.

ANECDOTE.

Some years ago, a sailor, working and singing on the yard of a ship, was accosted on his hilarity by the owner; to whom Jack replied, "that it was rather strange he should be merry, since fortune had so unequally distributed her favors, making him (the owner) worth ten thousand pounds, and given poor Jack scarce enough to live on." But suppose, (said the owner) I were now to divide with you, in a short time you would spend your half, and I should keep mine; what would you do then?" "Then," replied the tar, with much composure, "we would divide again, until all was spent."

Remark. As it is the characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so small wits have the gift of speaking much and saying nothing.

THE WINTERS NIGHT.

BY SELICK OSBORN

Two thick'ning shades of night appear
Hoarse breathes the wintry storm afar;
Hark! from the sea beat shore I hear
The din of elemental war.

Fierce on my roof the rattling hail
Its glassy flood tremendous pours;
The tempest bellows in the vale,
Along the bending forest roars.

Yet, while convulsive Nature's groan
Rocks Earth upon her trembling pole,
A smile, dear girl, from thee alone,
Imparts calm sunshine to my soul.

No wealth have I, nor fame, nor pow'r,
(Tho' rich enough, if lov'd by thee,)
Yet thousands, in this dreadful hour,
Would give all these to fare like me.

What numbers on the troubled deep,
Remote from friends, from kindred dear,
For wives belov'd despairing weep,
For children drop the bitter tear!

Safe shelter'd from the dismal storm,
Love's chastest sweets my breast inspire—
While in my cot so snug and warm,
We sit around the cheerful fire.

How throbs my heart with purest joy,
While mid these scenes of mutual bliss,
With cherub smile our infant boy
Implores the fond maternal kiss.

O! let me clasp thee to my breast,
And meet affection's cheering smile—
In chaste endearments lull to rest
My cares, my sorrows, and my toil.

We'll trim the brisk enlivening fire,
Nor dread the wind that round us blows—
Till sleep shall bid our thoughts retire
To pleasing dreams, or soft repose.

—OO—

STANZAS.

ON HEARING A SERENADE.

BY BLACKSTOCK.

Gentle dreams with silent pleasure,
Softly o'er the fancy creep;
Briskly beats each pulse with pleasure,
While I wake from silent sleep.

Hark! 'tis music, 'tis enchantment,
Music warbles o'er the string;
Gently floating undulations
Waft it round on balmy wing.

Every nerve obeys the motion,
Sweetly moves the passing sound—
Softly borne on midnight silence,
Love and graces dance around.

Far away the music hastens,
Scarcely the fading strains I hear—
Every note like breath of zephyrs,
Gently strikes the list'ning ear.

Gentle dreams with silent pleasure,
Softly o'er the fancy creep—
Gently beats each pulse to pleasure
Whilst I wake from downy sleep.

SCRAP.

Malicious slander never would have leisure,
To search with prying eyes, for faults abroad
If every man consider'd his own heart,
And wept the errors which he found at home.

THE PRUDENT JUDGE.

An Oriental tale.

A Merchant whose affairs called him abroad, entrusted a purse of a thousand sequins to a Dervise, whom he looked upon as his friend, and begged him to take care of it till his return.

At the expiration of a year the merchant returned, and demanded his money; but the Dervise denied ever having received any. The merchant, enraged at this perfidy, complained to the Cadi. You have trusted him imprudently, answered the judge: you should not have placed so much confidence in a man whose fidelity you had never experienced. It will be difficult to compel this knave to restore a deposit which he received without witnesses; but I will see what I can do for you. Return to him, speak to him amicably, but do not let him know that I am acquainted with this affair, and call here to-morrow at the same hour.

The merchant obeyed, but instead of recovering his money, he was grossly abused. During the altercation, a slave of the Cadi came and gave the Dervise an invitation from his master.

The Dervise attended, was introduced into the principal apartment, received in a friendly manner, and treated with the consideration which is usually shown to persons of distinguished rank. The Cadi discoursed on different subjects, and as opportunity offered, mingled in the conversation encomiums on the learning and wisdom of the Dervise. After gaining his confidence by such flattering discourse, he added, I sent for you to give you a proof of my confidence and esteem: an affair of the greatest importance obliges me to be away from home some months; I do not care to trust my slaves, and I wish to place my treasure in the hands of a man who enjoys like you the most unblemished reputation. If you can take charge of it without inconvenience to yourself, I shall to-morrow night send my most precious effects: but as this business must be conducted with secrecy, I shall order my confidential slaves to deliver them to you as if they were a present from me.

A gracious smile appeared on the face of the Dervise—he made numberless bows to the Cadi, thanked him for his confidence, swore he would keep the treasure as carefully as the apple of his eye; and retired as contented as if he had already cheated the judge.

The next day the merchant went again to the Cadi, and informed him of the obstinacy of the Dervise.—Return to him, (said the judge) and if he persists in his refusal, threaten him that you will complain to me; I think you will have no occasion to repeat the complaint.

The merchant immediately went to his debtor; he no sooner pronounced the Cadi's name than the Dervise, who was afraid of losing the treasure which was to be entrusted to him, returned his purse, and laughingly said, My dear friend why should you have recourse to the Cadi? your money was safe in my house; my refusal was only for the joke's sake, to see how you would like it.

The merchant was wise enough not to credit this joke, and returned to the Cadi to thank him for his generous succour.

In the mean time the night approached, and the Dervise prepared himself to receive the promised treasure; but it passed without any of the Cadi's slaves appearing. This night was to him of an interminable length. As soon as it was day light he went to the judge; I come, said he, to learn why his honor has not sent his slaves to me: Because (said the Cadi) I have been informed by an honest and worthy merchant, that you are a rogue, whom justice will punish as you deserve if a second similar complaint be made against you.

The Dervise made a low bow, and returned without speaking a word.

RABELAIS tells us a story of one Philipot Picaud, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt, which perhaps causes many, (says he) not to pay theirs, for fear of a like accident.

TRAITS OF LIFE.

When it is the law, (said my uncle Toby) that every slanderer should lose his tongue, we should soon become a dumb people.—I hope you don't think so.

should all forfeit our talking member, observed my aunt Prudy. By no means, replied my uncle - but the fear of losing it would restrain us from talking. - And so then, you think, retorted my aunt, that a body can speak nothing but slander. - My uncle nodded assent.

Three fourths of the daily chit-chat of the whole town is slander, d—me if it isn't, vociferated the corporal.

YOUNG TORICK.

ANECDOTES.

A MAN called out of a three-pair-of-stairs window to a friend of his whom he saw in the street, and desired him to come up stairs; the other excused himself, and said he could not possibly spare time. - What, said he, because I have had misfortunes, and am low in the world, you are above coming up to see me. When I was rich, and lived upon a ground floor, you condescended to visit me; but now my indigent circumstances oblige me to live in a garret, you look down upon me.

A person speaking of an acquaintance who, though extremely avaricious, was always arraigning the avarice of others, added—is it not strange that this man will not take the beam out of his own eye, before he attempts the mote in other people's? Why, so I dare say he would, (cried Sheridan,) if he was sure of SELLING THE TIMBER.

A gentleman who was well known to be fond of his bottle or two, said, one day, after having drank pretty freely, 'the wine is very thick.'—'No, no,' said a friend, 'it is you are too thick with the wine.'

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 48 persons (of 13 were men, 14 women, 6 boys and 10 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz Of apoplexy 3, asthma 1, casualty 1, bilious cholera 1, consumption 9, convulsions 4, debility 2, diabetes 1, diarrhoea 2, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, hectic fever 1, inflammatory fever 1, hives 3, inflammation of the stomach 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 2, influenza 1, liver disease 1, old age 1, suicide by laudanum 1, tetanus 1, whooping cough 1, and 1 of worms.

The case of casualty was that of Charles Rart, a native of Ireland, who died in consequence of a fall.

The United States frigate Constitution, capt. Campbell, arrived at this port on Monday last from Boston.

A very melancholy and singular accident happened in Northfield, on Sunday the 24th ult. A girl named Sally Cochrane, aged about 7 years, was at play, as is supposed, with a saddle suspended from the stair-case; when, whether by design or accident, it is uncertain, she slipped her head through the crupper, and when found, was hanging dead by the neck.

Concord Gazette.

New London, Conn. Nov. 11.

On Wednesday last, Harry Niles, an Indian, was executed in this city, for the murder of his wife, pursuant to the sentence of the superior court. The day before his execution the prisoner attempted to anticipate his sentence, and with a piece of the blade of a knife opened a vein in his thigh, from which a large quantity of blood issued before his purpose was preven-

ted. On the day of execution he was taken from Prison by the sheriff and his deputies, (the Independent Company acting as guards) and carried to the Presbyterian meeting-house, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. McEwen. At the place of execution the prisoner made a short speech to the spectators, and was then launched into eternity.

It is 21 years since the execution of a criminal in this city, and the spectacle of the public death of a human being, though "a poor Indian," drew together a large concourse of people; the number was, by many observers, been computed at 6, 8, and 10,000. The prisoner behaved with much calmness, and when passing from prison through the crowd, his countenance bespoke the magnanimity of the American savage. The death of his wife was occasioned by a quarrel produced by intoxication, the effects of which are known to be peculiarly mischievous among the aborigines of America.

Master Betty, the British Roscius, has finally retired from the stage. He is educating for the church by a respectable clergyman, who is to have 300*l.* a year for his tuition.

London paper.

The following melancholy event took place a short time since at Plymouth: A beautiful and engaging young woman, of a respectable family, who very unhappily listened to the seductive arts and persuasions of an officer, quitted her parents on his account, and came along with him to town, where, in the neighbourhood of Paddington, they took genteel lodgings, and resided there for some time, where her seducer left her unprotected, a prey to sickness and grief, for her fatal deviation from happy innocence. As soon as her health enabled her, she formed the resolution of returning home, hoping, by penitence, to atone for the sorrow she had occasioned her parents: but they refusing to receive her, she went to a public house, and requested a private room for a few minutes. The landlady left her, and soon returning found the poor victim of seduction a corpse, having in the meanwhile strangled herself.

London paper.

Fire Eater—The following account of a celebrated French Fire eater, says a London paper, far exceeds the perfection to which that elegant accomplishment has been brought by many of our Bartholomew fair Exhibitors. It is literally translated from a German paper.

BREMEN, April 30.

Last week Roger, the incombustible man, arrived here, and exhibited himself in our Theatre. A general curiosity had been excited in consequence of Dr. Muller, of the Lyceum here having published a small pamphlet giving an account of this extraordinary phenomenon and vouching for his being no impostor, which was fully confirmed upon the arrival of the performer himself. M. Roger commenced his entertainment by holding pieces of red hot iron in his hands, which he carried to his mouth, and licked with his tongue. He then danced a hornpipe barefooted upon red hot iron plates; and he convinced us that the hair of his head was also incombustible. He drinks boiling oil, carries melted lead with his hand and puts it into his mouth. He kindles phosphorus upon any part of his skin, and swallows burning saltpetre. In short, he fully convinced every naturalist present of the truth of Dr. Muller's assertions in his favor.

COURT OF HYMEN.

WEDDED love is founded on esteem
Which the fair merits of the mind engage,
For those are charms that never can decay,
But time, who gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre—

MARRIED.

On the 22d ult. Mr. Richard Booth to Miss Nancy Wood, of Wapping's Creek, Fishkill.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milldoler, Mr. Joseph Price Haddock to Mrs. Elizabeth Holland, both of this city.

On Monday evening last by the Right Rev Bishop Moore, Mr. John Miller to Miss Maria Ann Smutzerin, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. James Magee, merchant, to Miss Eliza Davis, both of this city.

At Harlem, Nov. 9, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Henry Trenchard to Miss Ann Chilver.

At Greensborough, November 11, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, John Jewel to Miss Martha Ferris.

At Fishkill on Wednesday evening the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Montross, Mr. Wm Cue to Miss Martha Jarocks, both of this town.

At Stephentown, Mr. James Sloat to Miss Mehitable Warren.

Same place, Mr. Cornelius Dexter, of Stephentown, to Miss Gitty Wood, of Fishkill.

Same place, on Wednesday 4th inst. Mr. Cornwall Doughty, of Beekman, to Miss Elizabeth Adriance of Fishkill.

MORTALITY.

NOW populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault
The yale funeral, the sad cypress gloom—
The land of apparitions, empty shades!

DIED,

On Saturday morning last, after a lingering illness, William Richardson, late Lieutenant in the United States army, aged 47 years.

On Wednesday morning of a lingering illness which he bore with the fortitude of a true christian, Mr. Michael Flanagan, grocer.

CARDS HANDBILLS,

POSTING BILLS, &c

Done at this Office at the Shortest Notice, and on the most Reasonable Terms

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete.—Warranted Tight, by C ALFORD.
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will discharge without destroying the Linen, for sale at this office.

ORAM'S ALMANACS

for 1808.

For sale at this Office.

Also Hutchinsons Almanacs

for 1803

by the grace dozen or single one.

FOUND,

A short time since, A POCKET BOOK, containing a small sum of money; the owner may have it by applying at No. 228 Front-street

Nov 21

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FILES

OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,

For some years back

Neatly bound—For sale at this Office

COURT OF APOLLO.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MY DOG.

Small biped brutes and monsters shine in verse,
And merit lack the tomb-stone and the hearse !
Sublimest quadruped, my friend, my *Bluff*,
Language were poor, nor painting rich enough
Thy glowing tints, thy instinct to display ;
Nature seem'd art, while art confess'd her sway !
Stately his form, and beautiful was his face,
A full-eyed setter of the finest race ;
His pendant trowsers, and his feather'd tail,
Appear'd to wait him as with silken sail.
These seem'd to lighten and increase his pace,
Gave wings to speed, and gave to motion grace ;
His striking figure fix'd each curious eye,
The admiring sports-men prais'd him to the sky ;
Commanding beauty sav'd him from the stroke
Of savages, who torture out of joke,
The fierce assailants of the bull and bear
Nor chang'd his course, nor gave him cause of fear !
His nerves appear'd so admirably strong,
With all the world to be in union.
A wire-haired terrier, with an eye of fire,
Sharp and resentful, quickly prone to ire,
Attach'd to one, hostile to all beside,
With *Bluff* liv'd quiet, sleeping side by side.
One day, the meal was here, the female there ;
Crab would have each, and watch'd them with care ;
Bluff yields the trencher, but lays claim to *Blithe* ;
Like angry cat, *Crab* doth his body writhe ;
Bluff sternly fix'd him with his fine large eyes,
Swearing with look oblique—*Crab*, *Bluff* defies !
His teeth in *Bluff's* long ear a passage found ;
Bluff lifts his paw, and pins him to the ground ;
He then displays an arsenal of teeth,
Which, generously he still forbears to sheath
In *Crab's* most pensive, though undaunted heart.
Alarnd, ! fly the combatants to part
The well-known voice of master and of friend,
Suspends their rage—the combat's at an end.
Crab's shaggy bristly neck a quick carress ;
Bluff's richly gilt and silver'd coat 1 press :
The terrier silent couches at my feet ;
While *Bluff*, loquacious, tries my lips to meet.
Haughty though mild—if accents of reproof
Through anxious fondness made him stand aloof,
Conscious he meant not ever to offend ;
His piercing eyes he fasten'd on his friend,
But fawn'd not—stirr'd not, th' extended arm,
Sure sign of peace, produc'd the wanted charm.
Upbraidings and revenge did ne'er take place,
But joy diffus'd itself through all his face,
In various tones he then would tell his tale ;
This done, he lick'd my hand, and wag'd his tail.
Some whims he had, congenial to all,
Or gravity, or wisdom, shall I call
His pensive mind ! it favour'd of them both,
By frolic soften'd, as none call'd it forth.
To birds of prey longevity is given,
And more rapacious men, who talk of heav'n ;
• What ever is right, ' the murderer cries,
Then steals your purse, and blows out both your eyes.
On this wise plan the dog's fine frame we rate,
At twelve years life, then wreck'd by ruthless fate.
Bluff told scarce sevin, when Death's tremendous
dart,

Straight on each nerve, and anchor'd in the heart.
His master's hand with that of Death's was mix'd,
His dying eyes were on his master's fix'd,
The hour of anguish soften'd by my care,
Yields some, though small, relief, his loss to bear,
Nail to thy shade, my dear, my faithful dog !

INDIA GOODS.

MRS. TODD has for sale at no. 92 Liberty street
an elegant assortment of fine worked pieces of
India mulmulls, Gown patterns complete
Cloaks, veils—Habit Shirts
Striped and checked Dooraahs
Remarkable fine plain Dacca and Nainsook Muslin
Striped and checked Seersuckers new handsome fi-
Boglespoes of different kinds [gives
Handsome Kid shoes and slippers, and various other
articles.
Also, Fresh Imperial and Hyson Tea of the first
quality,
Oct 10

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

TO SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' or-
namented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, La-
dies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball, far superior to any
other, for softening, beautifying,
and preserving the skin from chop-
ping, with an agreeable perfume
4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream
for taking off all kinds of roughness
clears and prevents the the skin

from chopping, 4s per pot.
Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square
Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s
bottle, or 3 dols per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted
His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb
Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 2s per
pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box
Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pearl
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond
Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, gloss-
ing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from
turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama-
tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Roled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per
box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical
principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s & 1s 6d
Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box.

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs
Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. La-
dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 3, 1907

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer
No. 63, Liberty Street, near Broad-way, New-York,
Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable co-
lours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned,
dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All
kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as
possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-
hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Getie-
men's clothes cleaned wet or dry; and Calicoes dy-
ed black, on an improved plan

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Cont-
inent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be
punctually attended to and returned by such convey-
ance that is most convenient.
December 6.

TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved
plans, in the very best manner, at moderate prices, by
J. Greenwood, Artist in the *Line Dental*, No. 14 Ve-
sey street, opposite St Paul's Church-yard.
Nov 21 979—6m

BROAD'S CNEAP EUROPEAN CARPET STORE,

NO. 46 MAIDEN-LANE,

Has received by the latest arrivals from London
Liverpool, and Greenock, and now opening and for
sale, an extensive assortment of Brussels Carpets and
Carpeting; Venetian, English, and Scotch ingrained
of various qualities; Hall and Stair Carpeting, both
ingrained & common.—The above goods are handsome
patterns, different from any offered before at this mar-
ket, being laid in very low, will enable him to sell
them from 1 to 5s. per yard lower than can be pur-
chased in this city. The public will be well accom-
modated as to quantity and quality.—Also, an elegant
assortment of Hearth Rugs, from three to fifty dol-
lars.

N. B. Also makes the following articles, and war-
rants them of a superior quality: Feather Beds, Bol-
sters and Pillows of all sizes; hair, wool, moss, tow,
whalebone, and cattail mattresses; White Cotton
Counterpanes; a great variety of Fringes, Bed-Lace
Curtains, Bedstead, Chairs and Sofas; and a large as-
sortment of Rose, Witney, Bath and Superfine Blank-
ets. Vessels furnished with curtains, mattresses, &c
at the shortest notice. An extensive stock, selling off
at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. Bed and
Window Curtains made in the most modern style.—
All orders received with thankfulness, and due atten-
tion paid. 10,000 wt. of Wool, suitable for upholster-
ers and saddlers.

A handsome assortment of Paper Hangings.
October 24. 975—tf.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language
Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his a-
cademy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of Wil-
liam street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at
such hours of the day or evening as may suit their
convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for
masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other
times, and in the evening for grown persons of both
sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any
time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gen-
tlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in ear-
ly life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dan-
cing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather
than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen de-
siring it, will be waited upon at their houses, aspl

IGNACE C. FRAISIER.

CHRISTMAS PIECES.

An elegant assortment of plain and coloured
Christmas Pieces, for sale at this office by the dozen
or single one.

JEWELRY.

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and
customers, that he has removed from the Park to No.
200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of
their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and
his attention to his business will fully meet with their
approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of
the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast
pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl,
plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair work-
ed necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains,
watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver
tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and
ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of ar-
ticles appropriate to his line of business, which are
too numerous to mention: he will sell at the lowest
price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which
are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

October 24 975—tf

EMBROIDERING CHANELLES.

ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for
sale at No. 104 Maiden lane. oct. 17 974—tf

TICKETS

IN THE SIXTH CLASS
LITERATURE LOTTERY.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

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